

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

WESTERN

JULY

10¢

NO. 39



IN THIS ISSUE:

DEATH MAKES A DEPOSIT!

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in **The LAW-BAITERS**

Chapter I — THE TRAP



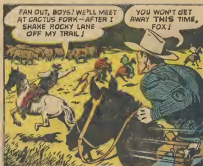
BANG! BANG! BANG!

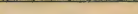
HEH!
HEH!

THE FOX!!
LET'S GO,
BLACK JACK!

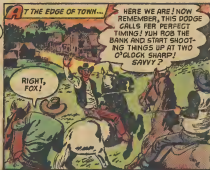
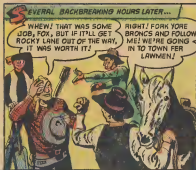
HELP! THE
FOX AND HIS BUNCH
JUST ROBBED THE
GOLD SHIPMENT
AND AM TO
KILL ME!

ROCKY LANE RIDES THE GUNSMOKE TRAIL AS HE
TANGLES WITH THE WILDEST RENEGADE EVER TO
PLAGUE THE RANGE, WHOSE OPEN BOAST IS TO
OUTLAW THE LAW... AND MAKE ROCKY LANE
THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE WEST!

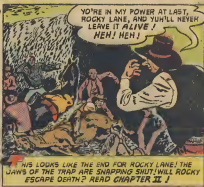


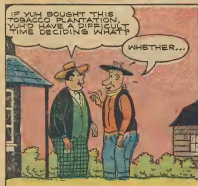
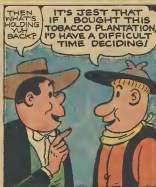
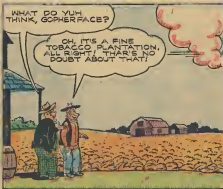












Turns Terrific Clout into Out!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

JUST LOOK AT SANDY NOT EVEN CLOSE TO THAT FLY

WE'LL NEVER WIN TOMORROW'S GAME WITH THAT KIND OF BASEBALL

DOOPS!

PRACTICING FOR THE BIG GAME...

SORRY JIM, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY SPEED LEFT

BETTER WEAR YOUR "P-F'S" TOMORROW. YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED EVERY INNING TO HELP US WIN

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF

THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION ©

DAY OF "THE BIG GAME," WE WERE LEADING 4-3 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH WITH 2 OUT AND RUNNERS ON SECOND AND THIRD...WHEN...

WHAT A WALLOP! LOOKS LIKE A SURE TRIPLE!

BUT LOOK AT THAT CENTER-FIELDER!

GOT IT! GOOD THING I WAS WEARING MY "P-F'S"

GREAT CATCH, SANDY. YOUR SPEED SAVED THE OLD BALL GAME!

AND "P-F'S" HELPED ME PLAY AT MY BEST RIGHT THROUGH THE GAME

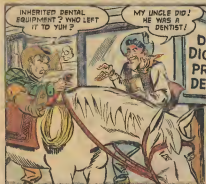
TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

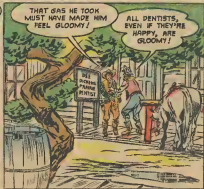
GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

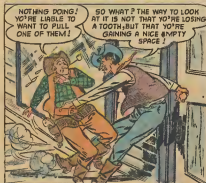
...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
...INCREASE ENDURANCE
...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER

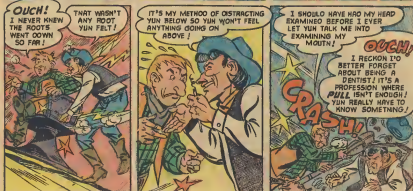


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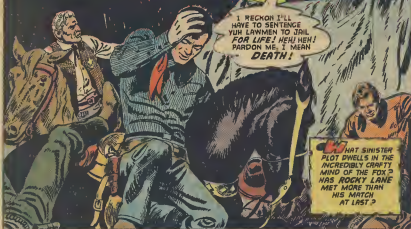
REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

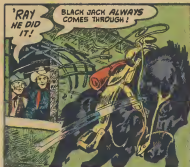
in The LAW-BAITERS

Chapter II — OUTLAW JUSTICE











THE BRONC IS
GOING RIGHT
THROUGH THAT
WALL OF IVY
VINES



SO THIS IS WHERE THE FOX
HAS BEEN HOLEING UP!
MIGHTY SNUG HIDE-OUT!
NO WONDER NO ONE WAS
EVER ABLE TO FIND IT!



GET IN THE BACK
OF THE CAVE, BLAGH
JACK! I AIM TO
GIVE THE FOX
THE SURPRISE.
WELCOME OF
HIS LIFE WHEN
HE GETS BACK
HERE!



LATER!

W-WHAT'S ROCKY LANE'S
GAYUSE DOING HERE?

SURPRISE!

LOOK OUT!
IT'S ROCKY
LANE!



THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE
MEETING UP WITH YOU
THIS WAY, FOX!

**KILL
THE
LAWMAN!**

OOOF!



FAIR EXCHANGE, FOX!
AN UPPERCUT FOR YOU
AND A SIX-GUN
FOR ME!

CRACK

**GIT
'IM!**



DROP THOSE
GUNS! YOU'RE
ALL UNDER ARREST!

**BANG! BANG!
BANG!**

**OUCH!
MY HAND!**

**H-HE'S
GREASED
LIGHTNING!**

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



Extra! Extra! EXTRA!

YOU...
CAN GET
"ROCKY'S"



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North Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, Calif.)

KILLER'S GOLD

By Joe K. Jones



THE COLT slipped from his holster, clattered crazily down the jutting rocks and shot out, spinning in the sun to the desert floor far below. Deputy Sheriff Tom Bent clenched the fists he would have to use against an armed killer. He called himself a fool to come out so far into the desert against the Sheriff's warning, searching for his friend Abe Easter.

Then he thought of the remains he had found only that morning, the back of the skull smashed by a rifle bullet. He had recognized the boots Abe had won from him on a bet. His jaw hardened in determination to bring Abe's killer to justice.

Tom stepped down carefully until he sat on his heels just above the cave-like opening into the face of the rock. He studied the layout. Just below him on a broad stone table overlooking the vast desert, a cradle for washing gold rested on a rough rock foundation. Provisions lay scattered in packages just outside the mine face. Four bulging leather bags lay among them. If these were gold dust, the bags contained a fortune. It was clear enough why Abe lay at the foot of the mountain and why Phil Dyer had been absent so long from his usual gambling haunts in town.

Tom looked for the rifle. But he knew Dyer wouldn't be so careless as to leave it outside of the gold mine. It must be inside the tunnel where the gambler was working. Just then a muffled explosion shook the rocky earth. Tom felt the tremors through his boots. Dynamite!

Months ago, back in town, Abe had said he needed the dynamite to clear tree stumps from land he had bought. He was very vague about the land and its location. But Phil Dyer, the gambler, had been smart enough to put together the dynamite and the vague location and come up with the real answer—gold! Dyer had followed Abe out of town and when the months passed and both of them failed to re-

turn, Tom suspected foul play.

He stood up above the mine opening. "Dyer!" he called out. "This is Tom Bent. I've come to take you in for the murder of Abe Easter. Throw out your gun and come out reaching."

At first there was silence. Then a laugh like the raving of a hoarse hyena sounded below him. For a moment Tom thought he was all wrong about Dyer. It didn't sound like the suave gambler Tom knew. Then a thick voice spoke. "How do you know Easter's dead? Where's proof I did it?"

Talking might bring Dyer out where he could jump him. Choosing his words carefully and talking slowly, Tom tried to get him out closer to the opening. Tom's eyes were glued below him. He was poised like a broad jumper for any sign of a gun barrel.

"I found Abe—or what the buzzards left of him—down below on the desert. He was shot in the back of his head with a rifle. When Abe Easter left town five months ago with full provisions you were seen heading out after him carrying only a saddle blanket and a rifle. How have you been feeding all this time? This grub down below looks mighty like the stuff Abe Easter bought in town."

Tom waited for a response. There was no answer.

"I find you working a gold strike. When did you find it? Two and two adds up to Phil Dyer trailing Abe Easter out of town. You suspected just what you found—gold! You shot him after locating the strike and tossed his body over the cliff. Then you lived off Abe's provisions while you worked the mine. That's murder, and I'm taking you in for it."

Again there was silence. Then the rusty voice challenged him. "Five months living like a dog and you expect me to come out pretty as you please. I've got gold enough to keep me a lifetime. I'll kill any man who stands in



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the way. You hear? Any man! Come and take me, Bent, if you've got the guts!"

"Dyer," Tom called back, "you can make it easy or make it hard. But either way I'm taking you in!" His fingers scratched his empty holster. "Your grub is out here, right under the barrel of my gun. You can stay inside till hell freezes over, but the grub stays out here."

Inside the mine, Dyer thought he was trapped. Tom Bent had reconstructed the murder like an eyewitness. No smooth talk could move this deputy, he knew from experience in town. One possibility remained to him. By tossing out the rifle he could divert Bent's attention long enough to light and throw out one of the dynamite sticks from inside the tunnel and wipe out the deputy sheriff.

"All right, Bent," he called out suddenly. "You've got me." He threw out his rifle, the same Winchester that had snuffed out Easter's life. Tom leaped for it like a mountain lion. As he landed in the brilliant sunlight, Dyer saw from the mouth of the tunnel that Tom's holster was empty. With an oath Dyer sprang out, forgetting the dynamite, reaching for Tom with fingers that work had curved like talons. He kicked the rifle into the dust at the edge of the cliff, before Tom could reach it.

Tom whirled and smashed Dyer back against the rock. He hardly recognized the town's slickest gambler. Gaunt, bearded, his clothes filthy rag, Dyer stared out at the clean-cut deputy from cat's eyes. No quarter was promised in those eyes. Dyer was fighting for his life. He came back at Tom bent over, loping like a bear. Tom swung, knocking the killer away from the rifle Dyer was groping for. Bone crashed on bone!

Backing up, Tom tripped as his boot caught between two rocks of the washing cradle. Dyer was on him in a flash, clawlike fingers tight around Tom's throat. Breathing as though a sponge were clogging his throat, Tom doubled at the knees and got them under Dyer's chest. He straightened them suddenly and flung off the maniacal killer. Following up, Tom clouted a red welt across Dyer's dark burned cheek. Blood trickled down from Dyer's mouth and seeped into his tangled beard. The salt taste unleashed a savage fury that crashed Tom against a boulder and stunned him for a second.

Dyer ran for the rifle. He almost had a solid grip on it when Tom grasped the barrel and

twisted it away from certain death for him. Tom pulled with all his strength to wrest the gun from Dyer's hands. As they strained, the barrel pointed straight at the mouth of the mine. Dyer's finger had just encircled the trigger when a sudden lurch by Tom fired the rifle over his shoulder.

The sharp report of the rifle was drowned in the muffled thunder of exploding dynamite inside the mine. The side of the cliff puffed out with a roar as they watched in surprise. Then it collapsed like an accordion and a vast slide of rock tumbled down the mountainside, burying the gold strike beneath hundreds of tons of rubble and wiping out its location. Far below, the remains of Abe Easter were buried under the gold he had discovered . . .

Bent and Dyer were too surprised for a moment to fight. They stood on the mesa, Dyer holding the gun stock and Tom gripping the barrel. The accidental explosion had wiped out in a flash all the gold Dyer had taken out with five months' hard labor.

Full realization of his loss drove Dyer berserk. He jerked the gun stock violently as they stood at the edge of the cliff. Using an old trick, Tom suddenly relaxed his pressure and pushed the gun toward Dyer, who was pulling. Then, swift as lightning, Tom jerked the rifle out of his hands before Dyer could fire. The gun flew over the edge of the cliff in a high arc.

Tom went for Dyer with swift battering blows to the body. The gambler grunted as his ribs and chest were punished by a pair of sledgehammers. Sweat poured down Tom's face as he drove home knuckled fists to Dyer's bearded jaw. The gambler was soon a bleeding wreck, clawing the earth as his body was wracked with flurries of pain.

THE DEPUTY skinned the sweat from his face and pulled Dyer to his feet. "Dyer, can you understand me?" he asked. Dyer nodded. "I'm taking you back for trial. The only grub we've got is packed on my saddle. If you try any tricks, I'll leave you here for the buzzards like you left Abe. He never got the chance you'll get at the trial. But you'll get your justice if I have to carry you in. I know that's how Abe would have wanted it." He waved to the spot in the desert where Abe lay in peace.

Then he lifted Dyer to his shoulders to take him down the cliff on the long journey home.

THE END



ROPING 'N' RIDING With



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"ROCKY WITH BLACK JACK"

HOWDY, PARTNERS:

IT'S MIGHTY FINE SEEING YOU ALL HERE ONCE AGAIN, FRIENDS. I ROODE UP THUNDER RIDGE ON THE OLD INDIAN TRAIL YESTERDAY. I FOUND AN OLD ARROWHEAD, TOO. IT MADE ME THINK BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN THE TRIBES HUNTED THE GREAT HERDS OF BUFFALO ACROSS THE PLAINS OF AMERICA. THE BUFFALO HUNT WAS ALWAYS A BIG EVENT IN INDIAN LIFE, YOU KNOW.

FIRST CAME A NIGHT OF PRAYER AND CANDING TO THE SUCCESS OF THE HUNT. THE NEXT MORNING WAS SPENT IN SHARPENING SPEARS AND ARROWS AND TIGHTENING BOWSTRINGS. THEN THE HUNT BEGAN. IF THEY HUNTED ON FOOT, THE BRAVES APPROACHED THE HUGE BUFFALO HERDS UNDER THE CAMOUFLAGE OF BUFFALO SKINS WITH HEADPIECES RETAINING THE BUFFALO HORNS. FROM A DISTANCE THE BUFFALO SAW ONLY WHAT SEEMED TO BE SOME MORE BUFFALO SOME DISTANCE AWAY. THEN WHEN THEY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH, THE HUNTERS STOOD UP AND USED THEIR SHORT, POWERFUL HUNTING BOWS, ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE PURPOSE.

THE INDIAN DIDN'T MISS A TRICK WHEN HE HUNTED BUFFALO FOR IT WAS NOT JUST A SPORT, BUT A HUNT FOR WINTER FOOD, HIDES FOR CLOTHING AND FAT FOR TALLOW AND COOKING.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO WAS A JOB THEY HAD TO DO AND DID WELL. DOING A JOB YOU UNDERTAKE AND DOING IT WELL IS SOMETHING SOME FOLKS TODAY SEEM TO FORGET. WHETHER IT'S SHOVELING SNOW OR DELIVERING GROCERIES---DO IT WELL! ONCE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE A JOB, SEE THAT YOU DO IT PROPERLY! THAT, PARTNERS, IS WORTH REMEMBERING!

BUT THERE'S ONE THING I'LL ALWAYS BE DOING AS WELL AS I CAN....COMING BACK HERE EVERY MONTH TO GREET ALL YOU FINE FRIENDS. SO TILL NEXT MONTH, PARTNERS, KEEP WELL!

YOUR PAL,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

AND BLACK JACK U



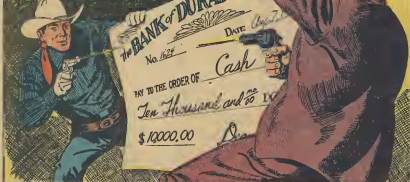
REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR



Rocky Lane

in
**DEATH MAKES
A DEPOSIT**

THIS LOOKS JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY CHECK, BUT IT'S ANYTHING BUT THAT, AS THE TWO-GUN SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE, FINDS OUT WHEN HE SUBSTITUTES FOR THE DURADO COUNTY BANK TELLER!



THE DURADO COUNTY BANK --

ROCKY LANE!
WHAT
BRINGS YOU
TO OUR
PEACEFUL
TOWN?

I HAVE A FEW
DAYS OFF, JOE,
SO I THOUGHT I'D
STOP OFF HERE AND
SPEND SOME TIME
WITH YOU! HOW'S MY
OLD SADDLE BUDDY
ANYWAY?



I COULDN'T BE BETTER, ROCKY!
IT SURE IS A PLEASURE SEEING
YOU! AND YOU COULDN'T HAVE
ARRIVED AT A BETTER MOMENT!
I HAVE TO GO OVER TO THE POST
OFFICE AND SIGN FOR A
PACKAGE BEFORE IT CLOSES---



-- SO HOW
ABOUT YOU
TAKING MY
PLACE
BEHIND HERE
FOR A FEW
MINUTES?

SURE, JOE! AND I'LL
TRY NOT TO TAKE
ANY WOODEN NICKELS
WHILE YOU'RE GONE!



MEANWHILE ---

HEY, BOB! I WANT YUH TO TAKE THIS TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR CHECK OF MINE TO THE BANK AND CASH IT FER ME!

GOSH, BOSS, DO YOU MEAN YUH'D REALLY TRUST ME WITH ALL THAT MONEY?



OF COURSE, BOB! AND SINCE I HAVE TO GO OUT AND LOOK OVER SOME CATTLE NOW, YUH TAKE THE MONEY BACK TO YORE SHACK IN THE HILLS AND I'LL PICK IT UP FROM YUH THERE!

WHATEVER YUH SAY, MR. DUNDER!



SHORTLY AFTER ---

UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES I WOULDN'T CASH ANY CHECK WITHOUT JOE BEING HERE. BUT SINCE EVERYONE KNOWS DEAN DUNDER IS SUCH A BIG SHOT IN THIS TOWN, I RECKON IT'S OKAY!



NINETY-NINE HUNDRED, THANKS, MISTER! THERE IT IS!



AND WHEN JOE RETURNS ---

SORRY I TOOK SO LONG, ROCKY! ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS GONE?

NO-- UNLESS YOU CALL CASHING ONE OF DEAN DUNDER'S CHECKS FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS EXCITING! HERE'S THE CHECK! YOU ENTER IT!



WHAT'S THE GAS, ROCKY? THIS IS A BLANK CHECK!

BLANK CHECK? BUT IT CAN'T BE! I SAW THE WRITING ON IT MYSELF! IT WAS MADE OUT TO CASH AND SIGNED BY DEAN DUNDER! I RECOGNIZED HIS SIGNATURE OR I WOULDN'T HAVE CASHED IT!

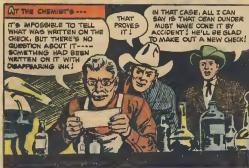
MAYBE YOU DROPPED THE CHECK AND PICKED UP A BLANK ONE BY MISTAKE!

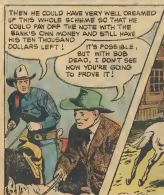


THE CHECK NEVER LEFT MY HAND!

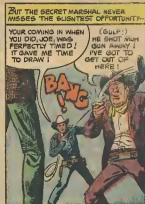
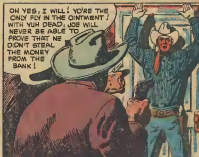
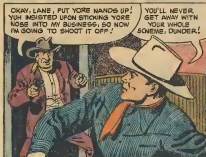
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IF THERE WAS WRITING ON IT BEFORE, THEN THERE WOULD BE WRITING ON IT NOW!











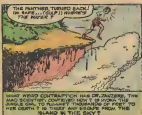


JUNGLE INTRIGUE! MYSTERY! ADVENTURE!..IN

NYOKA

the JUNGLE GIRL

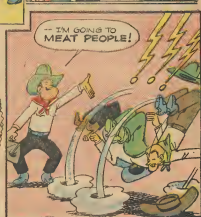
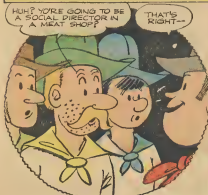
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RESCUE AID IN NATIONAL DISASTERS!

BLOOD FOR U.S. CASUALTIES IN KOREA!

NEW BACK PRESSURE-ARM LIFT METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION



* The victim is placed face down in a prone position with arms overhead and bent at the elbows, one hand upon the other, and the head turned to one side so that the cheek rests on the hands.

The rescuer, on one or both knees at the victim's head, places his hands on the victim's back, with thumbs just touching and the heels of the hands just below a line running between the victim's armpits.

The rescuer rocks forward slowly, elbows straight, until his arms are almost vertical—exerting steady pressure upon the back.

Next, the rescuer rocks slowly and slides his hands to the victim's arms, just above the elbows, which are raised until resistance is felt at the victim's shoulders—then, the arms are dropped. This completes a full cycle, which is repeated 12 times a minute.

(ADOPTED BY THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS—
RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL)

✚ **SUPPORT YOUR RED CROSS!** ✚



257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

**PLUS 4 FREE TRIPS TO
MY RED RYDER RANCH!**

-Red Ryder

LAST CHANCE TO ENTER BIG DAISY

SHOOTIN' CONTEST

YOUR TARGETS, ENTRY BLANK MUST BE MAILED BY MIDNIGHT MAY 29th

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carabines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership fee with their Contest Targets before midnight, May 29, 1952!* NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 156). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to win!

**LAST
CALL!
Hurry!
FREE
CONTEST
KIT
at your
DAISY
DEALER
or MAIL
COUPON!
NOW!**

NEW!

DAISY

DEFENDER REPEATER

win one! The first forced-feed 50 shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination Peep-and-Open Rear Sight with Elevation, Windage adjusters! Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Amazingly realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

Prizes better in England, West, Canada and subject to change without notice. No 100 Defender rifles shown since Year's Start!

TO: **RED RYDER**, Care of

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. A-122, Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

I enclose unused 3c stamp to help pay mailing cost. RETURN FREE DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST KIT!

NAME _____

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ZONE _____

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**100
GIVEN**

RED RYDER

COWBOY CARBINE

win one! Daisy's famous 1000-shot repeater that looks, feels, handles like real Western saddle gun. Realistic molded stock, fore-arm.

DAISY GRAVITY- FED REPEATER

win one! A 1000 shot repeater. Wooden stock. Metal blued.

DAISY KILLS EYE Shot to Best for

**DAISY
Air Rifles**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. A-122, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.



DAISY PUMP GUN

win one! Take-down model. "Gold-inherited" jacket. A 50 shot forced-feed pump action repeater with hard wooden stock, fore-end.



**50
GIVEN**



**50
GIVEN**



**50
GIVEN**